

The Problems with Halo 2

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Summary: Episodic one shots and humorous endeavors with a side of chili fries.

1. Intro Reborn V2

The Problems with Halo 2

Disclaimer: I am using these characters for my own desires.

**Intro Reborn**

The old broken remains of halo, half burnt off by the epic detonation of the Pillar of Autumn's fusion engines, threw wreckage from its carcass onto the surrounding planets and moons. A Covenant ship, its unique tear drop design, glided past the wreckage in purple gilded glory before joining

Covenant Holy City, High Charity

Ninth Age of Reclamation

"They called it the 'Pillar of Autumn.' The Elite's voice was not rough from battle or fear inspiring. It was of great nobility built up from a lifetime of victory and one defeat.

"Why was it not destroyed with the others." Mercy, was an old prophet set in his ways, his voice lacked nobility and had the hint of senility.

"It fled as we set fire to their planet. And I followed with all the ships at my command."

Regret, a prophet hierarch, was the exact opposite of the Elite on trial. His voice was tainted by a lifetime's worth of spewing philosophical dogma and untold luxury. Pampered beyond his ability to appreciate it, Regret was no warrior. But he held political power;

his fury at the destruction of one of the sacred rings was unrestrained.

"Tell me, when you first saw Halo were you blinded by its majesty?"

The council gave a short murmur of distaste. Various council members both Elite and Prophet talked amongst themselves. Tartarus stood silently with his Brutes; he held little power here except as a spectator.

"Blinded?" The Elite questioned.

"Paralyzed? Dumbstruck?" Regret said a hint sarcasm rolling off his tongue.

The Elite did not answer for a great deal and stood tall pondering Regret's question. He then looked directly at Regret who only stared back insolently. After a moment to think of a correct answer, the Elite looked around back at the council and then faced Regret once more.

"Well, it was pretty shiny."

"Yet you allowedâ€|" Regret looked a bit dumbstruck himself.
"What?"

"You asked me if I was blinded. The sacred ring is quite shiny. I was a bit blinded when we first approached the ring."

"What are you talking about?"

Truth, the secretive, calculating prophet, immediately cut off Regret with a quick wave of his hand.

"I have to agree, Regret. Halo was quite shiny."

"That is not the point! The magnificence of Halo has little to do with this trial!"

"But noble hierarchs, truly you see the majesty of the holy relic has a great deal of importance."

The council began to cry out amongst itself lifting a cacophony of voices.

2 Hours later.

"Then do we all agree, that because Halo is of great beauty its sheen was capable of blinding any creature for a brief moment but not long enough to alter any decisions made during the atrocity."

The council murmured its approval to Truth.

"Ah good then we may get to other matters at hand." Truth turned back to the Elite who then shook himself out of a minor coma. "You were right to focus your attention on the flood."

"Nay! It was heresy!" yelled one prophet.

Truth ignored him.

"But you were unable to accommodate for the Grunt's BBQ Festival and the Hunters were looking quite forward to the ping pong tournament."

"That is understandable, given the nature of this parasite." Mercy was kind. "However, I would think you would have at least started the Grunt's Festival. Yet there were no orders for the delicious marinating sauces!"

"Nay! It was heresy!" yelled that same prophet.

Truth looked directly at the idiot screaming in the back, annoyed.

"There was no time, the Flood had begun to repair one of our damaged cruisersâ€| and when I found out about the Demon's intentionsâ€| it was too late."

"Nay! It was heresy!" The prophet took this moment to pump his arms dramatically in the air.

Truth's eyes twitched for but a second.

"This demon," Truth began. "This Master Chiefâ€| perhaps the human forces had brought their own recipes, you could have done well with that even if it was inferior to ours."

"Prophets, surely you understand once the flood was released, there was no time for festivals."

"Fool! There is always time for a BBQ." Regret clenched his fist as his voice rose in anger.

"Nay! It was heresy!" yelled the prophet again.

"YOU IN THE BACK!" Truth yelled. "IF YOU WANT TO ENTER THE GREAT JOURNEY WITH YOUR MOUTH ATTACHED, YOU WILL SHUT UP! BE SILENT!"

The council was filled with complete silence. Truth turned back to questioning the gold Elite.

"Then there is the matter of the humans infiltrating the Truth and Reconciliation! What were your forces doing!"

"I believe some of the Elites had challenged the Hunters to a rousing game of croquet. The humans, being the infidels they were, attacked us during our break hours."

"What about the Grunts?" Regret fumed.

"Pie Eating Contest." The Elite countered.

"Jackals?"

"Drinking and disturbing sexual activities."

"Drones?"

"We'll they're new, so they were the designated drivers for the ship."

"Brutes!"

"Bad case of diarrhea."

"What?" Tartarus cried. "We were not a part of this little debacle and neither were the drones!"

"Well then, Tartarus, how do you explain the massive methane concentrations in the air?"

The council took this time to move quite a bit away from the oversized gorilla.

"Enough! Tartarus' problems are not the concern of this council. But this Elite has failed miserably. This fallacy to protect Halo was a colossal failure of untold." Truth paused searching for the right word. "failure."

Tartarus, brute chieftan, mountain of muscle, chuckled to himself. One elite down.

"I will continue my campaign against the humans!"

Truth silenced the council ushering his verdict.

"No you will not. Your failure to protect Halo shall weigh upon you. And when our Great Journey begins, you will have to cater for the entire going away party. The party will take place from 9:00 pm until whenever we are finished. Oh and tell Degonee to bring his fried chicken recipe, I hear it is quite good."

The Elite walked out shamed from the council.

"Now onto the next matter of business. With our victory at Reach, we as the hierarchs have chosen our new theme song for the continuing campaign. As of this moment, 'Let's Get this Party Started in Here' shall be, for evermore, replaced by 'Who Let the Dog's Out.' To those who agree with this say aye."

"Nay! It was heresy!"

Truth promptly got out of his seat, walked up to where the idiot sat, and began to beat the living hell out of him.

Author's Notes: Slightly Revised. These is not a complete story. Each chapter posted here will be individual oneshots and are not meant as a continuing story._

2. A Second Helping V2

A Second Helping

The Xbox 360 TV Spot

The urban setting was complete with the usually overused basketball court. The asphalt was a faded, cracked grey. Apartment buildings

surrounded the fenced off court and in the distance massive sky scrapers kissed the sky. Right in the center of the court stood the strangest bunch of individuals ever on the planet. It was a strange troop of Covenant individuals. A few Elites, a Grunt, a Brute, and a Hunter stood listening. The Microsoft representative and director of this little commercial beamed brightly as he finished off his offer.

"Soâ€|" the red Elite said raising waving his hand.

"Allow me to shed doubts on our purpose hereâ€| we do this "jump rope" and you give us large amounts of monetary material?"

"Of course!" The Microsoft representative smiled happily excited that he would be working with the characters of one of the most popular games in existence.

"I'm down with that!" The Grunt chirped slightly.

"So what exactly are we advertising again?"

"This!" The representative gleefully held up a finished Xbox 360, a sexy machine infinitely better than any other console productâ€| like say the Dreamcast. It was so good it made anything before it look stupid and archaic with the exception of that other console Microsoft made. The Xbox 360 should simply be bought over anything else. There is nothing worth buying that's better, not food, not water, not the DVD version of Serenity, NOTHING! This author would like to take this time to lay out his piles of money and finish relaxing in his 24 karat gold plated Jacuzzi in the shape of a giant M and a dollar sign.

The Covenant stared.

"So we're advertising a urinal puck?" The red Elite commented.

"No, no! It's the latest videogame entertainment system from Microsoft!"

"The hell is a videogame?" The red Elite asked.

"Uhâ€| you mean you don't know?"

"Know what? I spent my years fighting for the Covenant. Next you're going to tell me my whole life is a lie, and I've been living in an artificial realityâ€| because then I would be forced to enact wrath-filled, blood-spewing revenge on those who created such a cowardly lie," the red Elite commented innocently.

"Heheheâ€|. All right! Let's get started. I'll have the two blue elites handle the jump rope. The message we are trying to get out is 'Jump in.' So do any impressive fancy maneuvers, jump the rope a few times, and then walk off."

The TV spot music began playing in the background. The blue Elites shrugged and began. The Grunt, eager to prove himself, was the first to jump in.

"Wee!" The grunt yelled as he successfully jumped the rope for five seconds.

The red Elite not to be outdone by a pathetic Grunt gave a running start catapulted himself over the back of a blue Elite, flipped in the air twice, and landed jumping the rope all the way. Ecstatic that he completed his maneuver impressively, he failed to notice he had landed onto the grunt.

"AUGH! "

The grunt gave a screech of pain as the massive hooves of the Elite pounded into his back leveling him into the ground. The veteran then pushed himself off of the grunt and proceeded to do a break dance pounding the floored grunt with his hooves. He promptly flipped out of the way allowing another one to get in.

A Brute not to be outdone by a god damn Elite also dove in. The Grunt pushed himself off the asphalt only to crushed back into it as the massive weight of the Brute fell onto his spine.

"AUGH!" The grunt gave a series of yelp for each time the Brute jumped on him. And The Brute made sure his spectacle was far better than the Elites as he maneuvered between the spinning ropes in a series of impossibly graceful maneuvers. All of which landed straight back onto the Grunt with greater force.

The Grunt rolled around on the ground in pain. A sudden parade of jackals stampeded through the jump ropes drawing a trail of smoke and dust and leaving behind a dirty, broken Grunt in their wake.

"Ow! Ow! Pleaseeeâ€| helpâ€| meâ€|" The Grunt shakingly held up a hand pleading. His sobs and crying puppy dog eyes could break anyone's heart.

"Heeeeeellllllpppppâ€| mmmmmeeeeeeâ€| "

The red Elite pissed he had been outdone by the Brute drove through the twirling ropes with a ghostâ€| right over the Grunt.

SCWACK!

"Wah haha!" The grunt began openly sobbing from agony in a tangled mass of limbs, "Someoneâ€| pleaseâ€| kill meâ€| "

The whole court began shaking as the Hunter ran up to join the fun.

The screen instantly showed the Xbox 360 logo. The phrase "Jump In" appeared on the screen as the music began to fade.

STOMP!

"AAAAAAUUUGGGGGHHHH!"

Author's Note: View the TV Spot here: [http/](http://)

Bomb Problems

"Our duty to the Covenant calls for acts of courage that will be remembered."

The Covenant boarding craft flew unheeded straight to the nearest MAC orbital platform. The orbital weapon platforms sent a fury of unyielding fire at the surprised Covenant ships. There was not supposed to be humans here according to the Prophet Regret! Shocked, the Elites hastily enacted a desperate plan. They would literally dive onto the immense human weapons and arm a powerful bomb. Although a few Covenant would die, the majority would make it out alive.

The Elite covered in a silver white armor stood proudly at the front of the boarding craft spearheading the lesser red and blue Elites directly into battle. A strange purple egg like device covered in massive spikes Today would be his day of victory! The Elite continued with his hastily prepared speech.

"We may sacrifice our lives today! But remember the promises of the Covenant! Take courage from the despair of our enemies! Give vengeance when they retreat! Grant mercy to none but our own!"

The boarding craft seared a perfect hole directly through armored plating. The Ultra waited and watched. No human came. Excellent, they were too busy fending off the others. The plan would be executed with absolute precision.

"ONWARD WARRIORS!" The Ultra grabbed the spiked parts of the bomb with both hands, "ONWARD TO VICTORY!"

With a great thrust the Ultra pushed the bomb with all his might. It moved an inch.

"HRRN!" The Ultra grunted and pushed the bomb another inch. The other elites stared.

"Stop staring! Our victory is at hand! HRRRN!"

This time the bomb moved a good foot.

SCREEEEECCCHHH!

The other Elites winced at the high pitched squeal of metal spikes on the metal floor.

"HRRN!" The Ultra stopped and braced himself on his upper knees with his hands panting.

"Do you need hel-"

"_Huff_ NO! _Huff_ I'm fine!" The Ultra pulled himself to his feet and took a running start. Lapping around the bomb with enormous speed, the ultra threw himself into the bomb grabbing the spikes with his hands and putting his full weight and force into moving it forward.

The bomb stood perfectly still as the ultra slipped on the smooth metal floor, lost his grip on the spikes, and landed unceremoniously on his head.

"Onâ€| _huff_ â€|ward _huff_," the sprawled Elite pointed to the ceiling in a daze. A few moments later, the other Elites awkwardly helped the Ultra to his feet. He recovered immediately and wrenched himself away from their grasp. His confident demeanor was none the worse for war.

"Well? What are you waiting for! Let's pick this up and move it."

Several Minutes Later

"Slowly!"

The Ultra lead a pack of Elites slowly through the hallway trying to desperately move the heavy bomb. As leader, the Ultra was enjoying his supervising position with no heavy lifting. An Elite began loosing his grip on the bomb. The deadly instrument began leaning heavily to one side.

"SACRED RING! IT HAS SPIKES ON THE BOTTOM YOU IMBECILE! SET IT DOWN SLOWLY!" The Ultra roared his distaste a good ten feet away.

The bomb slammed right into the ground. The Ultra jumped back a foot in surprise.

"AH! CAREFUL! THE HELL IS WRONG WITH YOU!"

With the perpetual "guidance" of the Ultra, the Elites took a bit of a rest and tried to start again.

"Okayâ€| okayâ€| let's lift. Slowlyâ€|" the bomb dropped again as an elite fell in exhaustion.

"My back!" The blue elite was sprawled on the ground his voice weakening.

"You alrightâ€| you pulled a muscle." The Ultra came up and kneeled by his fallen comrade.

"Tellâ€| tell my children I loved themâ€|"

"Don't worry, we'll just put a salve on it andâ€|"

"Tell themâ€| tell them I lived a good lifeâ€| TELL THEM!" The fallen elite began sobbing, "TELL THEM I LIVED A GOOD LIFE! I may not be the best parent! But I was there when they needed me! I was thereâ€| _gasp_ it's so cold now..."

"You just pulled a muscle; now get up you're fine!"

"BLEARGH!" With that the fallen Elite died.

"Blasted Oracle! This is ridiculous! There is got to be some easier way to move this large, heavy bomb." The Ultra stated while sitting on a large wheeled crate moving equipment of some sort. It was a primitive human construct. The Ultra had the fleeting thought that it was probably used to move large heavy materials.

"If only if there was some way to move the bomb easier." The Ultra

got up and walked in front of the bomb. He stared directly at the ground where the bomb lay and then looked at the wheeled contraption he was sitting on.

"Hmmâ€| "

The Ultra turned back to the bomb and then turned back to the human equipment. A minute passed.

"Damn! I got nothing. All we got is this large heavy bomb and this human contraption used to move large heavy things. What do we do now?"

The Jeopardy song began playing as all the Elites sat down in deep thought. Some fiddled and wrote math equations on the walls. Others grouped together wearing glasses and white laboratory coats holding flasks filled with a transparent green bubbling liquid.

"I GOT AN IDEA!" An Elite in the back yelled as he was hit by a enormous revelation.

Several Minutes Later

The cart used to move large heavy materials was moved out of the way as the Ultra smeared the ground with the fallen Elite's blood. The now slippery floor made it much easier to push the bomb.

"Excellent! We have accomplished a minor victory!"

"Yeah," grunted a blue Elite, "who says we're not innovative!"

"All right, we'll just set it down here right next to the reloading machinery." The Ultra laughed triumphantly as activated the bomb that had been place right next to a bunch of crates. There was a large window here perfect for watching the space battle. The holographic display showed a countdown timer set to five minutes in Covenant script.

"We did it! Ha ha!" The Ultra laughed.

"My only regret is that I never did get to test my skills against the infamous demon!"

The elevator located out of the way directly behind the Ultra slid open casting a enormous beacon of pure white light. Silhouetted in death defying glory, the Master Chief armed a grenade and threw it into the fray. The grenade rolled right between the legs of the Ultra.

"Ah, shit."

The massive explosion was a ten on the agony chart.

The End.

Author's Notes: Take this story with a grain of salt. It's not really true to the game's reality as the Master Chief can move the bomb by himself without sweat. Even with the new fangled armor, a couple Elites could probably match and overpower the Chief in pure power. According The Fall of Reach, the Master Chief with Halo 1 armor is

equal in strength to a Elite.

End
file.